

The Historie

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly,
There did he pause, but let me tel the world
If he outliue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hotsp. Coosen I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies, neuer did I heare
Of any prince so wilde a libertie,
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will imbrace him with a souldiours arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie,
Arme, arme with speed, and fellowes, soldiours, friends,
Better consider what you haue to do
Then I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your blood vp with perswasion. *Enter a Messenger.*

Mes. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now,
O Gentlemen the time of life is short,
To spend that shortnes basely were too long
If life did ride vpon a diall point,
Still ending at the arriual of an houre,
And if we liue we liue to tread on kings,
If die, braue death when princes die with vs,
Now for our consciences, the armes are faire
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the king comes on a pace.
Hot. I thanke him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I professe not talking onely this,
Let each man do his best, and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall.
In the aduenture of this perillous day,
Now esperance Percy and set on,
Sound all the loftie instruments of war,
And by that Musicke let vs all embrace,

For

of Henrie the fourth.

For heauen to earth some of vs neuer shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

*Here they embrace, the trumpets sound, the king enters with his
power, alarme to the battel, then enter Douglas, and sir Walter
Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name that in battell thus thou crossest me,
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?

Doug. Know then my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenesse, for in steed of thee king Harry
This sword hath ended him, so shall it thee
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder thou proud Scot,
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.

They fight, Douglas kills Blunt, then enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
In cuer had triumpht vpon a Scot.

Doug. Als done, als won here, breathles lies the king.

Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here.

Hot. This Douglas? no, I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.

Doug. Ah foole, goe with thy soule whither it goes,
A borrowed title hast thou bought too deare.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.

Doug. Now by my sword I will kill al his coates.
He murder all his wardrop, peece by peece
Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp and away,
Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.

Alarme, Enter Falstaffe solus.

Falst. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I feare the
shot here, heres no skoring but vpon the pate. Soft, who are you?
sir Walter Blunt, theres honour for you, heres no vanitie, I am as

K I hot